

### PASTOR'S SUNDAY PATROL.

SETS OUT PERSONALLY TO SEE WHAT SALOONS ARE OPEN.

Escorted by a Crowd of Boys and Awaited by Crowds of Young Men at the Corner Stores—A Newspaper Had Announced What He Was Going to Do, With a Picture.

A parading drought struck that portion of South Brooklyn within a radius of a half mile around the Strong Place Baptist Church yesterday. The Rev. A. H. C. Morse, pastor of the church, had announced that he was going to go over the district and see if the saloons were closed. The pastor did go over the district three times.

One day last week a Brooklyn paper published the fact that the minister was going to go on a crusade yesterday. The paper also published a likeness of the pastor. The newsies said yesterday that they never saw such a heavy sale in the district as on that day. Everybody was buying the paper, cutting out the picture and putting it in his hand. Some of the saloon keepers distributed the pictures of the Rev. Mr. Morse among their friends, pasted on little cards for ready reference.

When day broke in South Brooklyn yesterday there was a pervasive air of uneasiness noticeable around the street corners. Almost every street corner in South Brooklyn has its saloon, with the family entrance set some feet back down the side street. The barkeepers could be seen stealing down the side streets with catlike tread and dodging quickly into the family entrances. They all wore a worried look.

The proprietors of the saloons rose early and donned their citizens' clothes. Then they put a bundle of the clippings from the Brooklyn newspaper which contained the picture of Mr. Morse into their pockets and went out to round up their friends. By noon time each saloon front was lined with young men leaning nonchalantly against the plate glass and eating tobacco with a dignified air. A Sunday calm settled everywhere.

It was shortly after the morning service that the pastor of the Strong Place Baptist Church left his home at 54 Strong place, to make the rounds. With him were two of his parishioners.

A crowd of youngsters had been steadily gathering in front of Mr. Morse's house for an hour past. "Here he comes!" was the excited cry they set up when Mr. Morse swung out of his gate and down the street past the church. "Here he comes!" was echoed by a kid on the corner and passed down the block in excited treble. One boy on roller skates who had been diligently passing up and down in front of the pastor's house since 10 o'clock caught sight of the small party of crusaders just as it left the corner. He sprinted around the corner and down to Henry street, where a group of men was standing on the corner in front of Buck Masteron's emporium. "He's out!" "Where is he?" said the boy on skates. "He's out!"

Mr. Masteron stepped inside the family entrance for a minute and spoke a few words to the white aproned gentleman. Then he came out, looked the door and slipped a dime into the hand of the boy.

When Mr. Morse and his two parishioners turned from Degray street into Hicks there was a crowd of about fifteen youngsters racing at their heels. From a distance one might have believed that a dog fight was in progress.

Those true friends standing in front of the Gents' Cafe, a block up the street, stirred nervously and reached in their hands for the picture. One of the young men stepped around to the side window and held up two fingers before the glass. Immediately the scene behind the window dropped, and the bartender disappeared and a file of citizens slipped out of the side entrance and took a place with the scouts in front of the innocent establishment.

As the pastor passed one of the men said he thought we would have snow soon. The air had quite a chill to it, he added. Several more boys joined the escort at this corner. Three of them were on roller skates, and they kept about half a block ahead of the pastor, turning back every now and then to hallow questions to their less fortunate brethren on foot.

"Hey, Jimmie, where's he going next? Do you think he'll take the street?" "Let's beat it ahead and put Mike wise." Thus heralded the crusaders made their way over to Smith street, and then turned off into Court. All along the line the saloon keepers' friends were on the job, and everything was closed up tight.

When 2 o'clock the boy on skates whom Mr. Masteron had subsidized reported back from the front that Mr. Morse had gone home. Then things began to liven up around South Brooklyn.

The overtimed ones preferred to rush their beer in a can. Only the daring went to the fountain where they bought a beer. Those who slipped into the family entrances with a pitcher or pail came out with the receptacle so completely disguised that not even the vigilant ones could recognize it. Sometimes it would be wrapped in a skirt. More often a newspaper, securely tied about a pitcher so that only the handle and a part of the neck were visible, was used to cloak completely the damaging character of the object.

Some young men who live in a flat on Atlantic street against the Adams building, the neighbors for their ingenuity. It was noticed that, beginning with the noon hour, one or the other of them would appear on the street with a new leather hatbox, pasted over with labels after the approved style. After a short journey down the street and around the corner the hatbox would return, bearing very gingerly and so as not to knock against the legs of the carrier.

"Ain't they the wise ones," was the comment of the neighborhood after the hatbox had made the Atlantic street trip in Park. A gentleman in the neighborhood said that he had seen a hatbox on the street, and he had no friends with him. But South Brooklyn was on its nerves and there was nothing doing. It was not until after the hatbox had been seen for the second time that the thirty ringleaders began to feel relief. Then all the true friends who had done yeoman work in front of the emporium were called in to reap the reward of merit. From the river as far back as Union street there was heard a soft, liquid note of rejoicing.

Mr. Morse preached last night on "The Hatbox Case." Last Sunday he had found that Patrick Harkins, who runs a saloon at Pleasant and Henry streets, was selling drink. The minister had been called to a company him into the saloon and Harkins was put under arrest. There were eighteen men in the place at the time.

Mr. Morse said last night that he intended to go fair with the saloon keepers. If he noted any place that did not have its blinds open on Sunday in accordance with the law he would charge the owner with the same. That would give him a chance to abide by the law before harsher measures were taken, he said.

### FILED FROM DEATH IN RUSSIA

And Likely to Be Sent Back by Russian Boat That Brought Them.

The East Side, and particularly the Socialists, have been considerably stirred up over the case of eight Russians who on November 20 as they left the Russian steamship Grodno were taken into custody by the immigration officials. They were arrested for violating the immigration laws, but Socialists on the East Side said yesterday that the Russian Government wanted them badly and that they were men condemned to death by a drumhead court-martial for revolutionary activities.

Morris Hillquit, the Socialist leader of the East Side, told the story of the eight men yesterday as it had come to him. He represented them in the hearing before the immigration bureau's board of special inquiry, until Louis Miller, of the East Side, was employed by friends of the accused men to act as their attorney.

The detained men are Elias Siskowitz, Robert Galvin, Karl Kerlin, Johann Wendel, Robert Freeman, Peter Ross, Johann Shapiro and Leonard Pelowsky. They lived in the Baltic city Libau, Mr. Hillquit said yesterday, and were Social Democrats, not anarchists, as Russians here have attempted to make them out to be. During the revolutionary troubles in Russia they spoke their minds freely, but according to Mr. Hillquit they did not fighting. About two months ago their names, which were on a suspected list in the possession of the Russian Governor of the province of Courland, were taken up and a court-martial was held. Bribed witnesses testified, according to the story told on the East Side, that they had taken an active part against the government, and five of them were condemned to be shot, the others to imprisonment.

A hint traveled in some way to the eight and they fled the same night, leaving their possessions behind. They stowed away on the Grodno which sailed from Libau on November 3, and they managed to escape detection until the steamer got to New York, living on a few loaves of bread and raw vegetables they had taken on board with them. They were routed out at Hamburg but a purse was made up for them by sympathizers and they bought tickets for New York on the same steamer.

"They were so frightened and so afraid of the authorities here," said Mr. Hillquit, "that when the Grodno got here last Monday they managed to hide below some where over night, so that they weren't taken off at Ellis Island. The next morning they tried to talk down the gangplank but were stopped by an inspector and turned over to a Hoboken policeman.

Recorder Stanton, before whom they were taken, turned them over to the immigration bureau. A board of special inquiry gave the men a hearing, and I was asked by Socialists here to represent them as counsel. The board, I learned, was made up of respectable and every man of the card of the Socialist Democratic party.

The board of special inquiry made a finding which said, believe, that while the men landed here unlawfully they were not guilty of unlawful intent. Then some of the friends of the men in this city employed Louis Miller to act for them. I didn't like that at all, and the jury went out of the case. The findings were sent to Washington for the action of the Department of Commerce and Labor. So far as I know the Department hasn't yet acted.

The men are still held by the Immigration Bureau here, and it was said at the office at Ellis Island last night that no word had come from Washington as to whether the Russian Government had made representations to Washington, but that he had heard that the Russian Consul here had interested himself.

### THEATRE FULL OF SNEEZERS.

Young Man Broke Up Sunday Matinee by Scattering Chinese Snuff.

The Sunday matinee at the Yorkville Theatre, on East Eighty-sixth street, yesterday was turned into a sneezefest about 4:30 o'clock. For a time it looked as if everybody's head would blow off and two detectives from the East Eighty-eighth street police station had to hustle seventeen-year-old Harry Friedlander, 403 East Eighty-sixth street, to the lockup where the crowd would have done things to him.

Sidney Dean & Co. were doing a prison sketch and one of them was singing: "It's Always Fair Weather, When Good Fellows Get Together." "Kerchew!" came from the orchestra. It wasn't very loud. A little girl had sneezed and nobody thought anything about it.

"Kerchew!" came from a big German in the second row. This was of full volume. The sneeze was followed by sneezes of all sorts. Soon the entire orchestra section was sneezing. The balcony was next affected and then a truck driver in the gallery got rid of a big sneeze.

The actors on the stage thought they were being kidded and they showed their anger plainly. Then the actors got started. The singer was the first to sneeze.

Frank Gersten, the manager of the theatre, and Joseph Heilmann, Joseph Heilmann, rushed out of their office and into the orchestra section to see what had happened. They had heard a noise that made them think that something had happened. The police were called and the theatre was closed for the night.

The show was supposed to be a comedy. The police were called and the theatre was closed for the night. The show was supposed to be a comedy. The police were called and the theatre was closed for the night.

When the audience saw Friedlander dragged from his seat by the cops and the police in the street, they began a rush for the young man. The two detectives hustled Friedlander out to the street and ran with him to the station. The sleuths sneezed several times before they could explain to the desk sergeant what the trouble was. Friedlander was locked up for disorderly conduct.

The manager of the theatre, threw open the windows in the building and fifteen minutes later the sketch went on.

### CITY LIGHTING A FAILURE.

Easton, Pa., Proposes to Turn the Work into Private Hands.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 25.—Following repeated protests by the citizens of Easton about the inefficient street lighting service given by the municipal plant, Mayor March has directed the City Council to either take action to obtain good service or hand over the street lighting to a private corporation.

### TRAP LAID FOR BLACK HANDER

BUY FOUR POLICEMEN AND TWO VICTIMS WAITED IN VAIN.

Then Petrolini and His Fellow Sleuths Went and Got a Prisoner Whom They Accuse of Planning Revenge Because His Love Affair Had Been Rascally Checked.

A nervous Italian sat on a bench near the Washington Arch, in Washington Square Park, on Saturday night, fingering a white handkerchief. In the handkerchief was \$800 in bills. The man was waiting for a stranger who should approach him and say "Have you got the money?"

The Italian was there in response to Black Hand letters that demanded \$800, threatening to blow up the Italian's house and kill his family if he refused to give up.

Disguised as laborers and seated on different benches at some distance from the man with the white handkerchief were Detectives Cawson and Petrolini. They, too, were watching for the man who should say "Have you got the money?" The bills in the handkerchief had been marked.

From 9 o'clock, the appointed hour, until past midnight, the three men patiently stuck to their posts. Then no Black Hand having appeared, the man with the money went home, while the sleuths went on a hunt for the man they suspected as the author of the letters. For nearly an hour they searched the Italian quarter south of Washington Square, and at 1 o'clock nabbed a tall, red haired Italian at Bleeker street and Minetta lane. In his pockets were found a loaded revolver, a 10 inch dirk and a pair of long bladed, sharp scissors. The man was Calogero Magnano of 2 Carmine street.

Several weeks ago Magnano was arrested for trying to kidnap Angelina Giuseppe, whom he had followed to America from Italy, and who did not reciprocate his love. Magnano got out of that scrape because Angelina refused to press the charge against him.

Angelina and her father, Savio Giuseppe, work in the cigar factory of C. B. Lohrbravo at 60 Grand street. At the time the attempted kidnapping of Angelina, Lohrbravo aided Giuseppe all he could in the efforts to have Magnano jailed. Soon after Magnano was set free both Lohrbravo and Giuseppe began to receive Black Hand letters. Eight hundred dollars was demanded from Lohrbravo and \$350 from Giuseppe. One day Giuseppe got a letter with the printed address of C. B. Lohrbravo, 60 Grand street, in bold type and his own name written above. The envelope was one of Lohrbravo's own business envelopes. Magnano used to work for Lohrbravo. When he left Lohrbravo's employ he said he was going to settle in a nearby town and asked for some of Lohrbravo's envelopes that he might send them some day. The papers were given to him. Lohrbravo could not remember giving away any other envelopes, and when Giuseppe received the letter in Lohrbravo's envelope, one letter, he was given to him. Lohrbravo had written all the Black Hand letters.

The matter was put before the police, who advised Lohrbravo to come to the requests for \$800. He did so. It was Lohrbravo on the bench in the park with the \$800 in the handkerchief.

Giuseppe at the same time was walking up and down Goerck street, trailed by Detectives Mondo and Diglio and ready to hand \$350 in marked bills to a man wearing a green and red sweater, who was to wear a black band on his left arm and to say twice "Porgeri," which is Italian for "Give up." This Black Hand also failed to appear.

Detective Cawson brought Magnano to the Jefferson Market police court yesterday. You see, our evidence is mostly indirect so far," he said, "yet we feel sure we have the right man. I am going to search Magnano's quarters to-day, and if I find the mate to the Lohrbravo envelope I will strengthen our case. We think the Black Hand letters were written by Magnano as a means of getting revenge on Lohrbravo and Giuseppe for blocking his attempt to force Angelina to marry him. We feel especially sure because Lohrbravo belongs to a class that wouldn't naturally receive Black Hand letters. He comes from Louisiana, a subject of Naples, while Magnano is a Sicilian. Almost all Black Handers are Sicilians and they invariably select a Sicilian as a victim.

When Magnano's apartment was searched and a charge of carrying concealed weapons, as well as a short affidavit accusing Magnano of attempted extortion, was placed before Judge Waite, who took a closer look at the prisoner.

"I've seen this fellow before," he said. "Some one explained that Magnano had been arrested for the kidnapping charge and that his present difficulty probably grew out of that incident.

Well, the courts and love never did run smooth," said the Court. Magnano was held in \$1,000 for a further hearing.

### BLAMED FOR BEING SWINDLED.

Court Has No Sympathy for Men Who Bet on a Fake Prizefight.

Magistrate Cornell gave small comfort yesterday morning to the Tombs police court to John E. Kleis, the architect, and Rupert Stearn the photographer of New Rochelle, who were swindled out of \$2,500 each in a fake prizefight pulled off last Tuesday night in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The magistrate intimated that he had small sympathy for them, as they admitted having placed their money on what they had been told to think was a sure thing, and he discharged the pair. Corbett's mate they had been arrested the night before in front of the Metropole Hotel as one of the gang who got their money. Corbett, they said, was the man who fought in the fake fight under the name of Burns and was the one upon whom they had been induced to bet.

Detective Sergeants Lyons, Oppenheim and Dowling, who arrested Corbett, said he is really a well known pugilist of the has been class and is known as Paddy Gorman.

### TRADES BOY FOR POULTRY.

Hen and Rooster Price Paid by Farmer to Foreigner for His Son.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 25.—A family named Guidino, living in Quakko Valley, near here, have traded a four-year-old boy for a rooster and a hen to Hiram Krall, a childless farmer.

### BURNHAM TO THE HART-TO-DAY.

Accused of Using Mutual Reserve Money as to Settle Private Claims.

Frederick A. Burnham, president of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company; his brother, George Burnham, Jr., and George D. Eldridge, vice-president of the company, will be called for trial to-day before Justice Greenbaum in the Supreme Court, Criminal Branch. There are five indictments against each for forgery and larceny.

Unless they should elect to be tried together, which is not likely, George Burnham will be tried first. William Rand, Jr., who was Mr. Jerome's chief of staff up to the first of the year, is their counsel. Assistant District Attorney Nor will have charge of the prosecution with Assistant District Attorney Kresel.

The two Burnhams and Eldridge are accused of having misappropriated the funds of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, which was the name of the Mutual Reserve in 1901. It is charged that they took the money to settle private claims and that false entries were made in the books of the company under their direction to cover the outlay.

One of the charges against the Burnhams is that on October 24, 1901, \$7,500 was paid to George D. Eldridge, and that the money was used to settle private claims. On the books of the company it was represented as a payment on a contract between the company and the company, when as a matter of fact it was in settlement of a suit brought by J. Douglas Wells, who was a vice-president of the Mutual Reserve.

Another charge is that there is a record on the company's books of \$5,000 paid to George D. Eldridge, and that the money was used to settle private claims. On the books of the company it was represented as a payment on a contract between the company and the company, when as a matter of fact it was in settlement of a suit brought by J. Douglas Wells, who was a vice-president of the Mutual Reserve.

It is charged that George Burnham, who was a director and counsel for the company, represented his brother in this litigation.

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### THREE FITS IN 30 MINUTES.

Ambulance Kept Busy Until the Police Gathered in the Park.

An ambulance call came in to the Gouverneur street early Sunday evening from Seward Park. On his arrival at the park, Dr. Mumford was told that a man had thrown a fit, but recovering rapidly had walked away. The ambulance returned to the hospital just in time to answer a second call from the same vicinity. Another run with the same result. The same man was the cause this time, too, but had started again.

Twenty minutes later a call came in from Attorney William Seward, four blocks from the park. Dr. Mumford again responded and found Patrolman Michael Horan of the Delancey street police station holding on to a fit man who was apparently coming out of a fit.

The ambulance surgeon made an examination and said that the "fits" were fake. To preclude the possibility of a fourth ambulance call, Dr. Mumford called for Patrolman Horan took the man to the police station. There he said he was Louis Goldberg, 22 years old, and that he had no home. He was locked in the cell and every day the police and the hospital had a similar experience with Goldberg a week ago. He was arraigned before Magistrate Steinheim last night and was held in \$300 bail for examination to-day. An attempt will be made to send him to Boston, where, he says, he has a home. Annie Rosenberg, living at 12 Mynt street.

### SEEK RACE SUICIDE POINTERS.

Director Smith's Experiments in the Zoo Around Grouse Interest.

A visitor to the office of Director Smith of the Central Park menagerie yesterday introduced himself as a French sociologist who was making a tour of this country to collect statistics and other information about the birth rate here. He said he had read of the director's theory in regard to dieting for the purpose of coaxing a visit from the stork and he was desirous of getting more information of the facts on which the theory was based.

The birth rate in his country, he said, was so low that it had become a matter of serious consideration among thoughtful people who were looking to the future of the French nation.

Since THE SUN published his theory two weeks ago Director Smith has received a number of letters asking for additional facts about the experiment he set on foot to increase the herd of Cape buffaloes by dieting. Several men also called at his office and told him that some ideas had come to them in reference to animals and they were pleased to see that he was going to make a practical demonstration of the theory.

### A MAN KNOWN BY HIS WORKS.

Police Decided Second Story Jobs Looked Like Max Price's and Nabbed Him.

Max Price of 14 Second avenue, who is a number of letters seeking for additional facts about the experiment he set on foot to increase the herd of Cape buffaloes by dieting. Several men also called at his office and told him that some ideas had come to them in reference to animals and they were pleased to see that he was going to make a practical demonstration of the theory.

A number of second story jobs have been reported at Headquarters of late, and the police decided that they looked like the work of Price. Accordingly Detectives McDonough and Griffin lay for Price and collared him early yesterday morning at Eighth and Third streets. In addition to the burglar's tools he had three valuable watches.

Price, the police said, had agreed to go to the Jefferson Market police court yesterday and stand on his rights and refused to go back to Headquarters. The detectives said they feared he might get bail and argued that a large sum be fixed. Magistrate Waite put the bail at \$5,000 and stipulated before a bond was accepted it must be approved by the district attorney. Price will be examined on Tuesday.

### YOUNG GIRL INTOXICATED.

Bartender Held for Trial for Making Sixteen-Year-Old Frances Wildt Drunk.

### CLIMAX IN GILLETTE'S TRIAL.

FIVE MEDICAL MEN WILL BE ON THE STAND TO-DAY.

Prosecution Will Attempt to Prove That Grace Brown Was Dead Before Her Body Touched the Water—The Line of Defense Kept Almost a Secret.

HENKIMER, Nov. 25.—The climax of the State's case in the trial of Chester Gillette, charged with the murder of Grace Brown, will come to-morrow when Prosecutor Ward will summon five of the medical witnesses, who with the Coroner made the post-mortem examination of Grace Brown's body, in an attempt to prove that she was not drowned and that the injuries she caused her death cannot be accounted for on the theory of suicide.

This was a very quiet Sunday for Henkimer, in spite of the case, for with the prosecution's evidence nearly all in, nothing remained to be discussed by those who have made Gillette's guilt or innocence the entire topic of their conversation except the line which the defense will follow.

Former Senator Mills and Mr. Thomas have kept their line of defense an almost entire secret. The only thing that is certain is that much of their case will depend on the medico-legal testimony which they will bring forth. It also seems almost unavoidable that the defendant himself will be put upon the stand. He of all the witnesses who have testified seems able to tell of the last moments of Grace Brown's life, and although the defense has not announced the fact, it seems necessary in view of the circumstantial evidence that has been brought out, that he will be sworn as a witness to try to explain away the evidence that has piled up against him.

Dr. A. Walter Sulzer, a local physician of some prominence, it is said has been retained by the defense to advise them as to the conduct of the medical end of its case, while the prosecution is aided by Dr. Crumb of South Oran, who was a personal friend of the Brown family before the death of Grace Brown.

It is reported from a trustworthy source that the prosecution's testimony to-morrow will bring out the fact that there were blood clots on the brain of the girl when the autopsy was performed, which cannot be accounted for by any injuries which the body might have received after falling. In the testimony already given the prosecution has brought out the fact that the bottom of Big Moose Lake, in the place where the body was found, is of a sandy character.

The jury spent a rather dismal Sunday in spite of the fact that the jurors, two by two, attended the Baptist Church for morning service and the Methodist Episcopal in the evening, and took a walk in the afternoon, still two by two, at the slowest gait that human beings seem capable of taking. Nine out of the twelve jurors are farmers, and the thought of Thanksgiving approaching, with them still locked in their rooms except for their daily journey to court, weighs upon them.

The raising of turkeys is no small industry here, and with nine farmers waiting for evidence and neglecting their livestock there is no respect for the poultry. Many of them raise turkeys with Thanksgiving Day as the one object of their raising, and to be away from home when the birds are ready and the market call is no small privation. Others can slaughter the birds as well as they, but there is doubt in their minds as to the ability of the butchers to do as good of them at the best price. The papers, minus the accounts of the trial, are given the jurors each day and the first thing that each one of the nine farmers turns to is the market report on poultry.

Gillette spent a quiet day to-day and seemed in the best of spirits in spite of the evidence which the State has piled up against him since last Sunday. He had a big dinner served to him to-day from one of the hotels and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. Any signs of the strain he is under do not seem to appear. The usual women who send loving messages and flowers to almost any man charged with murder have appeared in this case, and every day the under sheriff who goes through his mail finds letters from women who have read about Gillette's case but have never seen him. His cell was full of flowers to-day morning and held in \$300 bail for examination to-day. An attempt will be made to send him to Boston, where, he says, he has a home. Annie Rosenberg, living at 12 Mynt street.

### COP CHASED PERAMBULATOR.

But the Stolen Child Was Not Within—However, There Had Been a Robbery.

Patrolman Charles Daly of the Madison street police station was standing at the corner of Division and Suffolk streets Saturday evening when a man hurried by him pushing a baby carriage.

"A kidnapper!" exclaimed the cop under his breath, and started in pursuit. The man with the baby carriage gave one fearful look over his shoulder and changed his gait to a run. Bumpety-bump went the baby carriage.

"The child will be thrown out and killed," said Daly. Pulling his new cap down firmly over his head he ran as he never had run before and caught up with his man in two blocks.

"Stop!" commanded Daly. The man loosed his hold on the handle of the baby carriage, and the vehicle took an erratic course toward the gutter. Daly caught it just in time to save it from overturning. The man tried to get away, but was quickly overhauled and brought back.

"What's your name?" said the policeman, dragging his man after him. "We'll take a look at the little darlin'." He raised the cover.

"Come along, anyhow," said Daly, disappointed and mystified. At the police station Samuel Hirschom, who runs a store at 389 Grand street, was frantically explaining something to the sergeant.

"Here, the carriage," said Daly softly stepping up to Hirschom and laying his hand on his shoulder. "We'll make this fellow tell us what he has done with the child." "What child?" asked Hirschom. "There ain't no child. This baby carriage was stolen from my store a half hour ago. It is worth \$4.25. I was just going to have a ginger beer delivered," said the sergeant.

The prisoner said he was Michael Dalton, 29 years old, a driver of 456 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn. He waived examination and Magistrate Steinheim held him in \$500 bail for trial.

### NOT ON GOVERNOR'S AUTHORITY.

He Has Said Nothing to Anybody About Commuting Patrick's Sentence.

OLEAN, N. Y., Nov. 25.—Gov. Higgins left to-night for Albany, expecting to be there for two days, after which he will return home for Thanksgiving. He said in reference to the story that his commuting Lawyer Patrick's sentence, that the statement was not on his authority, that he knew nothing about the matter and was not prepared to say at the present time whether he would take any action in the case or not.

## New Poland Water Depot

ANNOUNCEMENT

THIRTY YEARS AGO the first Poland Water Depot was opened in the Tribune Building. Twelve years later the business had so increased it was necessary to remove to No. 3 Park Place, where the entire building was occupied. Recently the property 1180 Broadway, now known as the Poland Spring Building, was purchased and remodeled, and the Poland Water has now moved to this new and attractive uptown location, which friends and patrons are cordially welcomed to visit and inspect.

The Poland Spring Company

1180 BROADWAY  
(Between 34th and 35th Streets)

NOTE.—The New England Resort and Traveling Company offices are located in this building.

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Say whether you wish to "Go Limited" or "Go Tourist."

All the Way

G. C. Dillard, Gen. Eastern Agent, T. & S. F. Ry., 377 Broadway, New York City.

## She Took a Nap in a Hansom

After Kicking Out the Glass Door to Give Her Feet Room.

Hilarious Young Woman "With a Brother in Yale" Made Things Lively for a Cabman From Jack's to Longacre Square—Repetent and Seedy in Court.

Jeremiah O'Connell, a hansom driver who makes his headquarters in the vicinity of Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, noticed a woman unaccompanied leave Jack's restaurant shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday morning. She was attired in a brown silk gown, with opera coat, hat and shoes to match, and carried a large bunch of violets tied with a blue ribbon.

"Kindly drive me to Seventy-first street and Broadway," she said, hopping into the rig.

There was nothing unusual about the appearance of his fare, and as the sleepy cabby urged his nag to a faster jog he congratulated himself upon having work when most of his associates were idle. The reverie was of short duration, however, for with a bang the lid of the opening in the roof of the rig was knocked off its hinges. Shrieks of alarm came from inside. Following this slight mishap flying from the inside, awaiting O'Connell's return, was the cry: "You've got the girl!"

"Ere, miss, be nice—be nice," remonstrated the astounded Jeremiah. "Hif you don't be good I can't carry you further."

"Yale's got the ball—rah-rah-rah-wo-zip!" was the reply from the inside, followed by a fusillade of an umbrella, a pair of opera glasses and a mass of wearing apparel. Then there was a crash of falling glass, and the coachman brushed aside the flying obstacles in time to see the front wheel of his vehicle kicked out. By the time he pulled up and alighted his passenger's footstools were dangling out of the opening and she was fairly convulsed with laughter.

"At a 'ell of a woiy for a loidy to act," O'Connell said angrily. "You kicked the stuffs out of my 'ansom. Hits up to you to 'out 'out an 'ettle."

The woman giggled her feet mischievously out of the door.

"Yale wins. I'm comfortable. Who cares if it is raining in London, cickney?" she replied.

A crowd gathered, and despite their laughs and taunts and Jeremiah's efforts to disturb the woman she settled herself for a snooze. This was in the vicinity of Longacre Square.

Policeman Walsh of the West Forty-seventh street police station, on an early morning scout, was attracted to the scene by the crowd, and his appearance brought joy to the cabby.

"Bobby, me boy, arrest this dame instantly. She's kicked the daylight out of my cab. The woman's asleep now, so be quick, for I don't only know what the case will be up to next."

After the greatest efforts the cop brought the young woman to life, but only with the aid of a patrol wagon and several friendly cops who were able to get her to the station house.

"Call me at 9 o'clock. Head up medium boiled eggs, toast, coffee and with a little Scotch on the side at the same time, please."

## Butt in Pipe May Cost Eye.

Hit of Celluloid Explodes When Tobacco is Lighted and Burns Smoker.

LEONMINSTER, Mass., Nov. 25.—Richard M. Cutler's collar button exploded this afternoon and as a result he may lose his sight.

Cutler is regular fireman at the Centra station here. He lighted his pipe and an instant later there was an explosion which burst the pipe and sent a stream of red fire into his eye.

Cutler says that earlier in the afternoon he was called to do something in a hurry and slipped the pipe into his pocket. A celluloid collar button in the pocket got into the pipe and exploded when he lighted it later.

The electrification of thirty miles of the Rochester division of the Erie Railroad will be completed by January 1 and it is expected that cars will be operated on that day. The success of this experimental institution has been so pronounced that the Erie Railroad has decided to electrify the remaining seventy miles of the division to Corning and branches to Dansville. From Dansville it is proposed to extend the line toward Hunt on the Buffalo division, where connection will be made with the new main line cutoff for the West, thus forming the Genesee Valley an outlet to Pittsburgh and Chicago. The current will come from Niagara Falls and will have to be conveyed a distance of about